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# IN THE DAYS OF '76



A  
ROMANTIC DRAMA  
IN  
FOUR ACTS

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO

# Everystudent

His Encounters in Pursuit of Knowledge

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## A Modern Morality Play in One Act

By EDITH EVERETT

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A. Flanagan Company : Chicago

# IN THE DAYS OF '76

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

LILLIAN STAIR SCHREINER

AUTHOR OF

*'The Heavenly Twins,' "Jack's Visitors,"  
and "A Modern Cinderella."*



A. FLANAGAN COMPANY  
CHICAGO

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LORD FALLOWFIELD.....	Keeper of His Majesty's Prison
LADY FALLOWFIELD.....	His Wife
GEORGE FALLOWFIELD.....	Their Son, in sympathy with the Rebels
DOROTHY FALLOWFIELD.....	Their Daughter, a Rattlepate
DIANA POMEROY.....	Their Ward, Betrothed to George
LADY HAMILTON.....	(Alias) Bess, the Gypsy
JIMMIE MERCER.....	Enamoured of Dorothy
LORD CRANSTON.....	Captain of His Majesty's Troops
SIR ARTHUR LOVEJOY.....	Of His Majesty's Service
CALEB GREEN } SUSAN GREEN }	Servants to the Fallowfields
British Soldiers and Other Servants	

## COSTUMES

LADIES—Dress of the Revolutionary period, high powdered hair, rouge, and patches. Lady Hamilton when disguised as the Gypsy has dark hair in curls around the face, and wears red cape and hood, also high-heeled red shoes.

GENTLEMEN—Also dress of the period, military costume when necessary. After First Act George wears costume of a soldier of the Continental Army.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The garden at Fairmount, the home of the Fallowfields near Philadelphia, the morning after the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 18, 1776. A Son's Defiance.

ACT II.—The Camp of the British on the outskirts of Philadelphia two years later, June, 1778. The Lost Packet.

ACT III.—Lady Hamilton's house in Philadelphia, the same evening, while a Tory Ball is in progress. An Exchange of Prisoners.

ACT IV.—The garden at Fairmount, the next morning. The plight of a Spy. Reconciliation.

## TIME OF PRESENTATION

About Two Hours,

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The British held Philadelphia during 1776, 1777, and until June, 1778, when upon the news of the approach of the French fleet, which had come to aid the Colonies, they evacuated it for New York. The time was spent in gayety, dancing, and feasting. Although Washington and his soldiers were starving and freezing at Valley Forge and other points they found means to outwit many of the plans of the British.

## IN THE DAYS OF '76

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### ACT I

*Garden at Fairmount, LORD FALLOWFIELD'S home near Philadelphia, the morning after the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 18, 1776. Street at back. Negro servants, CALEB and SUSAN, laying table for breakfast in foreground. Bench front, R.*

SUSAN. What yo tink, Caleb, 'bout all dis talk 'bout a wah? Don' yo tink it's jest runnin' in de face o' Providence foh young Mastah Gawge to talk so much 'bout de rebels?

CALEB. I tell yo, Susan, I don' tink 'bout all dese tings. I got my wuk to do. Ef young Mastah gon' foh to run his head gin a stone I can't stop him, kin I?

SUSAN. [*Contemptuously.*] No, I guess not! Guess yo can't stop nothin' nor nobody. I'se gettin' mighty tiahd o' yo, Caleb Green! [*Flounces off, L.*]

CALEB. [*Sitting down on bench.*] Dah she goes! She's always jest dat way lessen I 'grees to eberyting she says. Females am a temptation ob de debbil jest as de pahsson says. But Law! ef I tol her all I know it would be talked obah in all de kitchens in town. I tink mahself dat young Mastah Gawge am a layin' up a heap o' trouble foh himself. I tink he gon foh to jine de rebels foh suah, an he pa—Gorry I don' wan' to stay roun' here when dat happens! An dah is Miss Diana, she lubs him foh suah but she is all foh ole King Gawge—yes, don' I heah dem argifyin' many a time. I don' know how it am going to tu'n out I'm suah,—But I must get to my wuk,—de fam'ly will be a comin' to brekfas.

[*Gets up slowly and goes to laying table as DOROTHY and DIANA enter, L. DOROTHY pulls note from bosom reading as she comes front, DIANA watches her a moment then with a motion of despair seats herself on a bench, R., leaning her head on hand and sighing.*]

DOROTHY *is absorbed in note, reads eagerly, laughs at first, then stamps foot in anger, tears up note, and runs half crying to DIANA. Exit CALEB, L.]*

DOROTHY. The poltroon! The miserable wretch! Oh, what shall I do! Oh!——Oh!——

DIANA. Why Dorothy, child, what's the matter?

DOROTHY. Oh, I could melt in tears one minute and burn with wrath the next! And yet it is so ridiculous withal that I——

*[Throws back head and laughs loudly.]*

DIANA. Why, child, cease this unseemly mirth and tell me the cause of all this pother.

DOROTHY. Oh, it is that jackanapes of a Jimmie Mercer as you might in truth know if you were not so deeply immersed in your own affairs. *[Pouting.]*

DIANA. *[Starting as though hurt.]* Is't not a trifle unkind that speech, Dorothy, mine?

DOROTHY. *[Throwing arms around DIANA impulsively.]* Oh, forgive me, Diana, but of a truth none seem to think my affair with Jimmie Mercer of moment enough to——

DIANA. *[Impatiently.]* Know you not, Dorothy, that to Jimmie Mercer the fit of a cravat, or the set of a shoe buckle is more than all the females ever born,—and I—ah, me! I——

DOROTHY. *[Contritely.]* Forgive me, Diana. Think not of my foolishness. This empty head of mine does not breed a surplus of brains, but even my dull wit can see that your thoughts are greatly troubled.

DIANA. Troubled? Yes, truly. *[Rising.]* Little know you, Dorothy mine, how troubled they are!

DOROTHY. *[Putting arm around DIANA.]* What is it, sweet friend? Can you not tell your Dorothy? Ah! *[Sadly.]* 'Twas ever thus. This sad rattlepate of mine leads every one to think that my heart is as empty as my head. And yet 'tis not true. *[Crossing both hands over bosom.]* 'Tis a tender thing, this heart of mine, and "well attuned to sympathy."

DIANA. *[Half laughing.]* You foolish child! I know well you have a tender heart, and sometimes I have thought that I——

DOROTHY. Yes, oh, yes, what is it?

DIANA. Not much more than you already know, or at least



suspect. You know, Dorothy, dear, that my heart is full of gratitude to all in this house for the kindness you have shown me ever since your father took me in a lonely orphan child after the death of my parents. Oh, I feel that I must be loyal to your father and through him to our king, but of late—well, you must have seen how it is between your brother and myself. We truly love each other, but oh, Dorothy! do you know?

DOROTHY. Know what?

DIANA. I hardly dare mention it out loud, but oh, I fear he is about to join the rebels! Last night he did not come in until so late! I watched half the night I am sure. Oh, I love him, but I love your father, too, and—oh, I am so unhappy!

DOROTHY. Diana, dear friend, do not fret. I, too, have had my fears about George,—But I see him coming now, and I am sure that if I stay I shall be *de trop*, so La, la, until we meet at breakfast.  
[Runs off, L., as GEORGE enters from back.]

GEORGE. Oh, here you are, Diana,—but why such sorrowful looks? And you are pale, my love, though far be it from me to say that pallor ill becomes you.

DIANA. A truce to levity, George. In truth, we have more serious matters to settle than the looks of a maid.

GEORGE. Of that I am not so sure. [Trying to put his arm around her.] Especially when that maid is the man's best beloved. Your beauty is an important thing to me.

DIANA. [Drawing away from him and tapping foot.] No more of jesting, I say, but tell me rather what kept you out the greater share of the night.

GEORGE. [Playfully.] A trifle jealous, eh, sweetheart? I am flattered, in truth.

DIANA. [Almost in tears.] Be serious, George, do? Can you not see that your conduct is very displeasing to your father? Well, I know that your business of last night had to do with the rebellious subjects of his Majesty the King—oh, trouble will come of it, believe me!

GEORGE. Yes, I fear that what you say is true, but 'twere well if the King took counsel with himself and ceased from troubling and persecuting a free people, for free they will be. Ever since the battles of Concord and Lexington I have felt it, and now——



DIANA. [*Fearfully.*] Oh, talk not so! You pierce my heart! I have long seen where you were tending, and as for me, what shall I do? Your father's kindness, loyalty to my king bid me——

GEORGE. Yes, bid you forsake me, is that what you mean? Does not the Bible say that a woman shall forsake all—kindred, home, and king—and cling to her husband only?

DIANA. Husband,—yes, but——

GEORGE. But not to her lover? Her betrothed? Is that what you mean, Diana?

DIANA. [*Weeping.*] Oh, I don't know! I do—not——

GEORGE. [*Gently.*] Weep not, dear one. I shall not put you to the test. If I—well—if I go—I shall leave you free any way, whatever I do. There, there! dry your eyes, the others will be coming soon to breakfast and I must go and make myself more presentable. [*Places hand on her shoulder and bending down kisses her and exit R. as LORD FALLOWFIELD enters from house, L., limping with a cane and loudly berating CALEB, who is following with shawl and rugs.*]

LORD F. You black rascal, hurry along with that rug! God's truth, you are slow!

DOROTHY. [*Running in L.*] Good morning, father. Did you sleep well the night?

LORD F. Sleep well, indeed! A brilliant question to ask! Does one sleep well with a gouty foot? I slept not one hour, daughter. Sleep! Save the word! How can one sleep in this God-forsaken land? Troops marching all night or the noise of ruffianly soldiers in dispute. Were it not for my allegiance to his Majesty the King I would throw up my commission as Lord Keeper of the gaol and return to England, where at least one has quiet in his bed o' nights! [*While speaking he has seated himself and with many groans and the help of CALEB placed his lame foot upon a chair. DOROTHY and CALEB cover it up with the shawl and rug while DIANA stands as if lost in unpleasant dreams.*]

LORD F. Where is your mother, Dorothy? It is not seemly that she should be so late. And George, well—'twere vain to expect him to be on time, consorting as he does with rebels and ruffians. [*DIANA starts forward as if to speak, but stops as she sees GEORGE and LADY F. entering, L. LADY F. is talking to GEORGE as though in admonition and he is shaking his head.*]

GEORGE. No, mother, I cannot, I—— [*Seeing the others.*] Oh, good morning all. Are mother and I keeping you waiting?

LORD F. [*Explosively.*] Waiting! You know you are! But I was just saying that when one spends his time consorting with ruffianly rebels——

LADY F. Tut, tut, my lord, let unpleasant thoughts be laid aside. Let us not begin the day with these useless and unseemly tirades. Good morning, girls, are you not greatly in need of your breakfast? Be seated all. [*They take their places and LADY F. taps bell. CALEB and SUSAN enter with trays of covered dishes which they place on table. SUSAN places silver coffee urn before LADY F., then blacks step back and LORD F. raises hand. They all bow heads and he says grace. They then begin eating, waited upon by the servants.*]

GEORGE. Well, girls, what is the program of the day? Dorothy, think you, you can survive one day without Jimmie Mercer's society? [*DOROTHY bridles, but makes no reply. GEORGE turns to DIANA.*] And you, Mistress Diana, what gay cavalier will bear you company? Everywhere I go in the city tongues are wagging about the beauties of Fairmount. You maidens have made it famous.

LADY F. Hush, George, in my youth in England it was not seemly for the name of any self-respecting maiden to be on the tongues of street brawlers.

GEORGE. Indeed, mother, you know my meaning was not such. It was with all due respect that these friends of mine paid homage to——

LORD F. [*Scornfully.*] Friends of yours!

GEORGE. [*Warmly.*] Yes, Lord Fallowfield, friends of mine, have you any objection?

LORD F. Objections be damned! Sir, I want you to understand, I don't even want to hear mention of such friends in my house, sir——

GEORGE. [*Rising.*] Then, sir, I——

DOROTHY. Oh, George, sit down. [*GEORGE reluctantly sits. All are agitated.*] Father, heard I not speech from you of a certain mysterious prisoner that you have in the gaol? [*LADY H., dressed as BESS, comes along street, back, and pauses to listen.*]

LORD F. [*Angrily.*] Yes, he's thought to be one of those damned rebel spies and the gibbet's none too good for him if convicted!

[BESS shudders and passes on unseen by those at table. JIMMIE MERCER enters mincingly, back R., carrying cane.]

JIMMIE. What is that I hear about a rebel spy, Lord Fallowfield?

LORD F. Yes, a spy and I'm——

LADY F. Mr. Mercer, come in and be seated, pray. Father, I prithee give the rebels a moment of respite that we may finish our repast in peace. Mr. Mercer, have you broken fast this morning?

JIMMIE. [*Who has been carrying on a conversation with DOROTHY in dumb show.*] Oh yes, Lady Fallowfield, for once in my life I was afoot early. These pesky rebels kept up such a commotion that I had no rest. [*Speaks with slight lisp. DOROTHY is making fun of him. He sees her and laughingly shakes cane at her.*]

LORD F. There, you see, mother, one can hardly speak without making the rebels the subject of discourse. What means so much disturbance, Friend Mercer?

JIMMIE. Why, have you not heard, sir, of the battle at Bunker Hill, near Boston, which occurred yesterday? We beat them of course. How could a scurvy band of farmers stand up against his Majesty's troops? So it will be all along the line. A few such puny fights and the colonists will be in subjection.

GEORGE. [*Who has risen, trembling.*] You are mistaken, sir! Their cause is that of right and justice and it will prevail in the end against tyranny and abuse! [*All rise, showing signs of agitation. DIANA covers face with hands.*]

LORD F. [*Chokingly.*] This, this, in my presence!

[BESS enters from street and comes timidly up to LORD FALLOWFIELD.]

BESS. May it please you, sir, to grant the petition of a poor Gypsy maid? [*All look at her in astonishment. DIANA is remonstrating with GEORGE, but turns to look at BESS.*]

LORD F. [*Recovering.*] Why—what—my good girl, how came you here?

BESS. [*Weeping.*] Oh, sir, I have been trying for so long to obtain speech with you. Sir—I want—I want to go through the prison.

LORD F. [*Astonished.*] My good girl, what is the meaning of such a request? The prison is no place for such as you! What do you want there?

BESS. Oh, I know, sir,—but there is one there, I think, that it behooves me much to see. I have a brother, sir, lost from one of the Romany tribes in childhood. He was ever lawless, sir, and I fear me much that he——

LORD F. No, again I say, no! You do not know what you ask. The gaol is no fit place for even a Gypsy maid to go; and His Majesty's rules are such that I should merit grave displeasure should I grant such a request. No, I fear you will have to look for your brother elsewhere.

[BESS bows head and retires to back of stage, but remains in sight, listening. GEORGE has been talking to DIANA, trying to persuade her to something, but she shakes her head and when he begins to speak she covers her face.]

GEORGE. Father, I wish to say that this fight at Bunker Hill has decided me to take the stand which consideration for your feelings only has kept me from doing ere this. From now on my lot is to be cast with the Colonies, with the New America that is to be, and let me say to you, father, you are playing a losing game. *The Colonies are bound to win!*

LORD F. Ingrate, that you are! Have I been spared only this to hear you, my only son, defy your father, your king, and your God!

GEORGE. No, father, not my God. The God of Truth and Justice, the God of Jefferson, Adams, Washington, and Liberty is with us.

LORD F. Blasphemy! Does not the Bible say, "servants, obey your masters"? and what are we, pray, but servants of his Majesty George the Third, of England?

GEORGE. No, by the Lord. No! No, by all the rights that made John of England sign the great Magna Charta! I say we are *not* servants, *slaves*, nor to be treated as such! Oh, father, mother, Diana, all, I can do no other way! In the words of the great patriots of this cause, "Sink or swim, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this cause"! [*Raises hand as though taking oath.*

LORD F. *stands, stern and immovable.* DIANA *with face covered.* LADY F. and DOROTHY *standing with hands extended toward GEORGE.* CALEB and SUSAN *back of others showing signs of distress, SUSAN with apron over her face.* BESS *watches in far background.*]

## ACT II

Two years later

*A British camp on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Time, late afternoon of day in June, 1778. British soldiers lounging in the foreground. As the act progresses the light fades, sunset colors are thrown on and gradually change to darkness at the close.*

FIRST SOLDIER. [*Yawning.*] Beastly hole! This America.

SECOND SOLDIER. What in God's name want ye more? The provender be plenty, and as to pretty wenches, there be no scarcity o' them.

FIRST S. Wenches, ye say? Prudes all of them. What can ye expect, man, from Puritans and Quakers, and the hideous garb they wear? By the Lord, my soul is sick for the rustle of silken skirts and the gleam of satin shoon!

SECOND S. [*Laughing.*] Thy case be truly a sad one. But what think ye of this war? Is it soon to end?

FIRST S. No end to it with a doddering old idiot on the throne, by name, George the Third!

SECOND S. [*Fearfully.*] Hush, hush, man! It's arrested ye could be for high treason with such words on thy tongue.

FIRST S. 'Tis true, nevertheless. Think ye that hired minions, Hessians and all the scum of Europe are going to make headway against men who are shedding their life's blood in defense of home and country?

SECOND S. [*Listening.*] Hush, man, by St. Michael, hush! I hear footsteps and 'tis blank treason that ye speak!

[*Enter LADY H. R., disguised as BESS THE GYPSY, gaily humming a tune.*]

BESS. God bless ye, good sirs, an' is it a fortune I can be telling for ye the day? Or wish ye some charms against the Evil Eye? See, here is the foot of a hare, the eye of a fish, a stone from the grave of Moses,——

FIRST S. Hist, maiden, talk not of graves and evil eyes. No such thoughts should trouble that pretty head of thine. Think rather of silken gowns and necklaces of pearls to deck thy charming form.

BESS. [*Pettishly.*] Ye know well that such things can never be for a poor Gypsy girl. But, kind sirs,—what will ye? A fortune? [*As one soldier holds out his hand.*] Ah!—what see I here? War clouds hovering over ye!—'Tis dark. I cannot see,—or, a Death's Head here! Oh, sir, kind sir [*fearfully*], take back thy gold! I cannot read thy hand. [*Draws back trembling. Soldiers look darkly at one another.*]

FIRST S. Here, here, maiden, such fearsome words are not fitting. Tell my fortune if ye will but see to it that something better forfends for me. [*Holding out hand, laughing.*]

BESS. [*Mysteriously, as in a trance. Soldiers frightened, gaze at her.*] Ah,—yes,—'tis sunshine and happy days, I see here. Happy days, oh, how far away they be from a poor Gypsy girl! [*Raises face to sky, then sinks to ground weeping.*]

SOLDIERS. [*Looking at her and whispering, touching their foreheads significantly.*] Ah, poor thing, poor thing! [*Hoof beats are heard outside and CAPTAIN CRANSTON enters hurriedly, L. Men salute.*]

CAPT. C. An orderly has just arrived with orders for us to march. An engagement is imminent. [*Sees BESS.*] Whom have we here?

FIRST S. Only Gypsy Bess, the Fortune Teller.

[*Points to Forehead.*]

CAPT. C. Oh! [*Nodding in understanding.*] I think it will only be a skirmish, and after that our orders are [*BESS takes notice*] to make a feint of pursuing the rebels to draw their attention from an attack on the main body, which is to be made here, and by this route.

[*Takes paper from pocket, points to it, then returns it to his pocket just as a noise of shouting is heard. He starts and the paper falls to the ground unnoticed as they all rush off, L., except BESS, who quickly picks up paper and hides it under her cape. Things begin to move as though in a wind. CAPTAIN C. rushes back looking for paper. He eyes BESS sharply.*]

CAPT. C. My good girl, did you see a paper hereabouts?

BESS. [*Looks up vacantly, hair and hood shielding face.*] Have a charm, a charm against the Evil Eye, kind sir, or your fortune told? Pity a poor Gypsy girl, kind sir,——



CAPT. C. [*Studying her.*] In truth, she is a poor half-witted thing. It were vain to have a fear of her, but where can that paper be? Has the wind carried it away, or the soldiers picked it up?—I like not the look of it. [*Hesitating and looking again at BESS. Shots are now heard at intervals. Exit CAPT. C., L., still searching. When he is gone BESS looks cautiously all around, takes paper out, looks at it, then hides it securely in bosom, shakes herself and contemptuously tosses away her bag of charms. Throws back hood, disclosing countenance which she has previously kept somewhat concealed.*]

BESS. Deception and lies! How I hate it all! But everything is excusable in a cause like this. [*Walking up and down.*] 'Tis almost three years now since I crossed the ocean and cast my lot with the Colonists, serving them as a secret spy. What a hue and cry would resound throughout England and America were it known that the beautiful Lady Hamilton and Bess Barton the Gypsy Fortune Teller, were one and the same. This very evening I, in my proper person of Lady Hamilton, leader of Tory society in Philadelphia, hold a ball and reception in my own house.

I came from England in search of a long-lost erring brother and donned this disguise for safety in pursuing my search for him, knowing full well that a poor half-witted Gypsy girl could go anywhere without harm as even the roughest soldiers will not injure such.

The bravery of the American Colonists won my respect and I have aided them where I could. Little know the English officers why it is that the rebels are so often cognizant of their plans in time to make a successful resistance. With the help of George Fallowfield many of the plots of the British have been found out and thwarted. But it is a dangerous business and could my errand be accomplished and the erring one be brought home to his sorrowing parents I would give up the struggle. I fear me much that he lies languishing in Lord Fallowfield's gaol, which I have never been allowed to visit. But [*standing in thought*] a truce to private griefs, more pressing matters at this moment are pending. George was to have met me here. [*Looking around.*] I wonder why he does not come. I am anxious to show him this packet [*takes papers from bosom*] and ascertain its worth. Some one



is coming. [*Attitude of listening.*] I wonder if it is George.  
[*Enter GEORGE hurriedly, L., clothes disheveled and face bleeding.*]

GEORGE. What, Bess, you here yet? Are you not in danger?

BESS. Of a truth it is you and not I that are in danger, when you come in uniform and thus openly. [*GEORGE staggers and puts hand to head.*] What—what is the matter? You are wounded!

GEORGE. Yes, and I fear me it is somewhat serious.

BESS. Serious! Yes, truly. There sit down while I bind up the wound. [*Makes him sit. Takes handkerchief from bosom and ties around his head.*]

GEORGE. Make haste, for I have papers of importance to deliver to his Excellency this night.

BESS. I, too, have something of importance to show you. Here, what is this? [*Taking paper from bosom and showing him.*]

GEORGE. Girl, where got you this? It is most important!

BESS. It dropped from Lord Cranston's pocket, not an hour since. I picked it up; but no one suspects the poor half-witted Gypsy of anything, so he did not search me, although I was afraid he might.

GEORGE. If he had, your shrift would have been short. 'Tis a dangerous game we play! But I must be going; this packet only adds to the importance of my mission. My horse is tethered yonder, and I——

[*Gets up, but staggers and nearly falls. Hand to head.*]

BESS. [*Supporting him.*] Go, you cannot; see, even now you are faint.

GEORGE. I—must—I——

[*Falls to the ground.*]

BESS. [*Bending over him.*] Ah, his wound is bleeding afresh. I must have something more to bind it up with. [*Picks up dress and tears strip from white petticoat underneath and rebinds the wound.*] There, that will stay it somewhat; but he is in sore need of attention, and I can do nothing. These papers must be delivered to his Excellency, immediately. [*Taking papers from GEORGE.*] Ah, it is in sore straits I am! If I leave him it is sure capture and perhaps death. [*Bends over him again. The light has faded until almost dark.*] His face looks ghastly in this light. Oh, I know not what to do! But I think I must leave him. He said his horse was tethered near, and it is well I can ride. [*As she gets up she stumbles*

*and nearly falls.*] Oh, my ankle! Ah, how lucky that I did not sprain it! But my shoe—I have lost it! [*Looks around.*] I cannot find it! [*Sounds of hoof-beats heard.*] Oh, some one is coming! I must go! But to leave him! There's no other way. The papers must be delivered and with no suspicious documents upon him his fate may not be so dangerous. Now for your horse, poor George, God grant he be gentle and swift, for in sad plight am I for riding this night. Surely when the soldiers see Gypsy Bess riding through the night, her red cape flapping in the wind, they will think it only another fantasy of her poor half-witted brain, and not molest me. Good-by, dear George, may God protect you. Your need is greater than mine. [*Goes off, L., limping with one stockinged foot.*]

[*Enter British Soldiers, R. Hoof-beats are heard.*]

SECOND S. Hist, what's that, what's that? Are we ambushed here?

FIRST S. 'Tis nothing, some runaway steed, perhaps, or farmer's colt. [*Contemptuously.*] Art always hearing sounds! Why stayed ye not at home tied to thy mother's bodice lace? Thou'rt not fit for sojering!

SECOND S. Tush, man, 'tis a hard tongue ye have! But the maunderings of Gypsy Bess have set my nerves a-tingle, and truly as I came along I caught sight of the steed and as I live he had no mortal rider. Great wings flapped above him! Verily I believe witches are abroad the night. [*Looks fearfully around.*]

FIRST S. Truly ye grow worse with every hour that passes. The rider that ye saw was in all likelihood the very Gypsy wench we saw this afternoon. Ye see a bad omen in every wind that blows. Now calm thy fears and light the lanthorns and get wood for a fire. The captain will be hungry when he returns. Methinks it is a wild-goose chase that he is leading and he will soon be here.

[*Low groans are heard.*]

SECOND S. Whist, man,—what's that? Heard ye not groans near by? 'Tis a witches' nest hereabouts!

FIRST S. A murrain on ye! Witches and groans! I heard naught, I—[*Groans heard again.*] Thou'rt right, there is some one here! But 'tis no ghost, rest ye,—that's too hearty a groan for a ghost. Come with a lanthorn this way. [*They search around, and then discover GEORGE, who is becoming conscious and trying to*

*sit up.*] Ha! 'Tis one of these damned rebels who is making all this fuss. Shall I billet him one over the head and stop his noise forever?

SECOND S. Are ye daft man? He has got almost his death blow as it is, I'm thinking. But here comes the Captain and orderly. We'll turn him over to them.

[*Enter CAPTAIN C. and Orderly, R.*]

CAPTAIN C. Well, men, what's to do here?

SECOND S. 'Tis a rebel soldier, sir, a spy mayhap, but he's sore wounded. [*GEORGE is coming to consciousness and sitting up.*]

CAPTAIN C. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

GEORGE. [*Trying to rise and salute.*] Sir,—I know not—Where am I? I belong to Lafayette's staff of the American forces. But how I came here I cannot say, I——

CAPTAIN C. Rather a lame answer, sir.

GEORGE. See you not, sir, that I am wounded? That must surely be reason enough for a certain confusion in my speech and memory. The last I knew we were engaged in battle, and then all is blank. I must have received a wound and, becoming delirious, lost my way and wandered here. [*Aside.*] I must say something to divert their minds. The papers,—I wonder where they can be. Did Bess take them?

CAPTAIN C. [*Holding lantern to face and seeing bandage and blood.*] Well, sir, I can but believe you and give you the honors of war as a prisoner, taken in battle. [*Looking at him closely.*] But had I the least suspicion that you were here to spy upon us, or if my men find so much as one suspicious paper upon you, at sunrise you will be shot as a spy. Proceed, men, to search him while I examine the ground for further signs. The incident has a dangerous look. [*Takes lantern and examines ground closely, finds BESS's slipper.*] Here, what's this, a lady's silken shoe! How's this, sir? and that handkerchief that binds your head? Hand it me! Of the finest cambric! And if I mistake not, this is a strip from a lady's petticoat! [*Looks closer.*] In the corner of the handkerchief is the letter "H" in fine embroidery. Sir, what means all this?

GEORGE. [*Aside*] I must not betray her, 'tis Bess, brave girl. She has taken the papers. [*Aloud.*] I know not, sir. 'Tis as I told you.

I remember nothing but the little smoke and glare. If I wandered here, and some one bound up my wound I knew it not.

FIRST S. [*Saluting.*] Beg pardon, sir, but as ye know Bess the Gypsy maid fared by here this evening with her charms and fortunes. Perchance, out of pity on seeing the man wounded and bleeding, she did bind up his wounds, and becoming frightened did lose her shoe.

CAPT. C. [*Who has been examining shoe closely.*] 'Tis not often that a silken shoe with the trade mark of an expensive bootmaker of London, nor yet cambric handkerchiefs and lace-trimmed petticoats are wont to be the property of Romany wenches. But—[*after a pause*] we shall see what we shall see. However, I would have you all know that it has come to the knowledge of those in authority that dangerous spies are at work [*GEORGE starts*] and everything shall be done for their apprehension. Of these I shall take possession. [*Puts shoe, handkerchief, etc., in pocket.*] And now let the camp discipline proceed. After mess we will convey the prisoner to the city for greater security. Attention! Forward, march!

[*Soldiers first come to attention, then shoulder arms and march off,*

R. CAPTAIN C. *stands rigid until all their backs are turned, then takes out shoe and stands examining it as curtain slowly descends.*

GEORGE *is led off between two soldiers.*]

END OF ACT II

## ACT III

*Drawing room in LADY HAMILTON'S house in Philadelphia a few hours later. Room in readiness for Tory ball and reception. Curtained alcove at back. Window back also, in front of which is table with long cover. Card table in foreground. Enter LADY HAMILTON, L., still attired as Gypsy, but wearing only one shoe. Clothes dishevelled and mudstained.*

LADY H. So I am home at last, and none too soon [*looking at clock*]. My guests will be arriving within the hour. Ah, that ride! And in this attire! But 'twas well I wore it. The rough soldiers laughed as I rode by, thinking it only a mad prank of poor half-witted Gypsy Bess. But 'tis a dangerous game none the less. I liked not the look of suspicion that Lord Cranston cast upon me. 'Twere not well indeed that he should recognize the features of the proud Lady Hamilton in Bess the Romany wench. But I spend valuable time vapping here. [*Taking off cape and hood and the remaining shoe, she wraps them all together in a bundle and, hastily opening a closet door, thrusts them in.*] There's good-by to Gypsy Bess, I wish it might be forever. The game palls somewhat. [*Blithely.*] And now for the gay Lady Hamilton. I warrant none will recognize a resemblance to the bedrabbled gypsy in Lady Hamilton with her powder, patches, rouge, and fine raiment. Ha, Lord Cranston, I defy you! [*Gaily shaking fist.*] I'll laugh and dance with you to-night and you shall forget all your suspicions. Ah, me,—I wonder how poor George fared? But whatever comes he must rejoice at the safe delivery of the papers. But time flies!—My guests will arrive and no hostess to receive them.

[*Rings bell and servant enters, L.*]

LADY H. Where is Bella, my tire woman?

SERVANT. She awaits without, your ladyship, and is overly anxious, as the time draws near for the arrival of the guests.

LADY H. I know it well, Jonas; but do you await here and inform the early arrivals that I have been detained, but will be with them shortly. I trust you, Jonas, to make all right.

SERVANT. I will do my best, your Ladyship. [*Exit LADY H., L.*] Yes, that I will for such a good mistress as her ladyship, but [*shaking head*] these be surely troublous times when a lady as has gold

in plenty goes out dressed as a kitchen wench. But ladies is ladies and all has their fancies.

[*Is arranging furniture while talking. A bell sounds and he places himself at side of back entrance as DOROTHY and JIMMIE MERCER enter c. DOROTHY is laughing and shaking fan at JIMMIE.*]

DOROTHY. Ah, you jackanapes, can you never be serious? [*Looking around.*] Oh, are we the first to arrive? Jonas, where is your mistress?

SERVANT. Lady Hamilton bade me to ask you to excuse her for a few moments. Some little matter about her costume. [*Bowing.*] Your Ladyship will understand. She will appear presently, and in the meantime she bade me present her compliments to you and to tell you to consider the house yours until she comes.

DOROTHY. [*Laughing.*] Very prettily put, Jonas, her Ladyship has a treasure in you. Mr. Mercer and I shall not find the time hang heavy on our hands until the others arrive, eh, Jimmie?

[*Exit servant, l.*]

DOROTHY. [*Mischievously.*] Now, Jimmie, see what a good chance you have to make love to me. [*Pouting.*] But you'll not do it I know. No one ever believes that I can be serious about anything. But come here, you can adjust my shoe buckle at least. I see that it is loose.

[*Sits and puts out foot. JIMMIE with a grimace toward the audience drops on one knee before DOROTHY.*]

DOROTHY. [*Aside, laughingly.*] I know he hates to soil his trousers. I'll get even with him for not being a more ardent lover and keep him there till some one comes. [*Aloud and glancing at door, back.*] Oh, Jimmie, how nicely you do it! I am sure the other is loose, too. [*Sweetly.*] Won't you fix it?

[*JIMMIE curses inaudibly with face to audience. SIR ARTHUR LOVEJOY enters, back.*]

SIR ARTHUR. Oho, what have we here? Has the gay gallant succumbed at last to your charms, Mistress Dorothy? Eh, Jimmie, my lad?

JIMMIE. [*Getting up in confusion and brushing his trouser knees.*] Ah, well,—Sir—I——

SIR ARTHUR. No need to say anything further [*laughing*]; but methinks it is rather a public place for a proposal and somewhat ill-



timed. Shall we retire and give him time to finish, eh, Dorothy, child?

DOROTHY. [*Who has been laughing behind her fan.*] Oh, no, Sir Arthur, the time was over long for Mr. Mercer as it was and that was but one chapter in our romance. We can easily "continue in our next," you know. Come, Jimmie, you don't look much like an accepted suitor, on my word. [*Aside to JIMMIE.*] Your looks do not flatter me, sir. Come, play the game like a man.

[*Taps him on the shoulder with her fan.*]

JIMMIE. [*Bracing up and laughing sheepishly.*] In truth, sir, it was a bad time to catch a man; but no harm is done, and if Mistress Dorothy——

[*Enter LADY HAMILTON, R., resplendent in powder, rouge, patches, and jewels, followed by LORD and LADY FALLOWFIELD, DIANA, and others.*]

LADY H. Ah, good people all, a thousand pardons I must claim for seeming neglect of you. But as you know well these provincial dressmakers are not what our London mantua makers are and——

SIR ARTHUR. So radiant a being as you are, dear Lady Hamilton, need make no apology. Your presence at this moment compensates for all delay. [*Bowing low, he takes her hand and kisses it, while guests take places on each side of the stage.* LADY H., front R., servant enters, center back.]

SERVANT. [*In loud voice.*] Lord Cranston, Captain of His Majesty's troops and Staff.

[*Enter LORD C. in full military dress uniform with two aides, also in full uniform.* LORD C. comes down center and bows low before LADY H., also kissing her hand.]

LORD C. Your gracious Ladyship, permit one of your humblest servants thus to salute you.

LADY H. [*Mockingly, imitating BESS THE GYPSY.*] Ah, sir,—kind sir,—[*then in a changed and wholly dignified tone of voice*] I am exceedingly glad to welcome you to my home, Lord Cranston.

[*LORD CRANSTON starts and looks strangely at her.*]

LADY H. [*Aside, as he turns away.*] I could not refrain from that one little thrust. It is not possible that he could recognize in the brilliant Lady Hamilton of this evening the bedrabbled Gypsy



wench of the afternoon. [*Aloud and stepping out before the guests.*] And now, my friends, all enjoy yourselves, each in his own way. You younger folk may retire to the Ballroom yonder where dancing is now in progress.

[*Low music is now heard. Servant opens curtains, back, and reveals couples dancing past opening. [JIMMIE offers arm to DOROTHY and one of the aids to DIANA and they pass out, center back. Four remaining gentlemen seat themselves at card tables, R., while LADY HAMILTON and LADY FALLOWFIELD seat themselves, L.]*]

LADY H. And now, dear Lady Fallowfield, you and I can have a chat. How fares it with you in these troublous times?

LADY F. Ah, Lady Hamilton, you must know well that care sits at our board by day and is our bedfellow by night. Our son,—our erring one——

LADY H. Grieve not thus, I pray you, Lady Fallowfield. Have you heard nothing?

LADY F. [*Shaking head sadly.*] Not for many months. I greatly fear——

LADY H. [*Aside.*] How I wish I could tell her the truth. And yet, I do not know his fate myself. [*Aloud.*] Well, Lady Fallowfield, if I can read the signs this war——

[*She stops to listen to LORD FALLOWFIELD.*]

LORD F. Well, Gentlemen, think ye as ye will, but I fear that our cause in America is tottering to its fall. Here in Philadelphia, perhaps, we see little of the real state of affairs, with our routs, receptions and balls given with no other purpose than to pull the wool over the eyes of the less sanguine ones. We may wake up some fine morning to find ourselves at the point of the bayonet, borne by these men whom George the Third calls rebels, but who, in my estimation, are fighting for liberty and home.

LORD C. Hear, hear, the great Lord Fallowfield, Lord Keeper of his Majesty's largest prison, is talking high treason!

[*Ladies show great interest.*]

LORD F. Not treason, My Lord, but sense. Nay, nay, I am, as ever, a loyal subject to his Majesty; but this I must say, there is something about these sturdy rebels that commands my respect. Think ye back only to the battles of Lexington, Saratoga, and Tren-

ton, and Valley Forge. With such a man as George Washington at their head what might they not accomplish?

LORD C. Yes, and look ye how they treat him! I tell you, my Lord, if they are all like him we would have had to flee back across the water long ere this. But they know not enough to appreciate him. Even he has enemies among his own countrymen.

LORD F. [*Sadly.*] Aye, 'tis true, 'tis true. But there is something about the cause that draws. When a son can forsake father, mother, king, and kindred to——

LORD C. Aye, that is a mystery. Hear you nothing then from George?

LORD F. Nothing in these two years. [*LADY F. puts handkerchief to eyes, and LADY H. tries to comfort her.*] God knows I was harsh enough when he went away, but I thought the matter no more than a summer's cloud that in a night would pass away.

LORD C. Well, well, sir, take comfort, 'tis not much more, I think, and if aught had happened to him you would have heard ere this——

LORD F. I know not—but-'tis the fortune of war,—but enough of private griefs,—Sir Arthur, here, does not share your hopes of a successful termination to the struggle. He says his plans are balked at every turn, that spies are at work. [*LADY H. starts.*]

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, it seems that many of our maneuvers in the field come to naught on account of knowledge procured beforehand by the enemy. A daring spy is at work and if he, or she,—some think it is a woman,—be caught, hanging is none too good.

LORD F. 'Tis so. Nothing is so despicable as a spy.

SIR ARTHUR. Suspicion is beginning to be attached to the Gypsy wench, Bess Barton, seen so often around the camps of both armies. [*LADY H. is listening intently.*] Her gift of second sight in telling fortunes is truly a wonder. You know of her? [*This to both gentlemen, who bow in assent.*] She sells charms, too, against danger and the soldiers are clean daft to obtain them.

LORD C. Yes, a poor half-witted thing, I saw her in my camp not longer ago than this very afternoon. She is harmless I think.

LORD F. I know her well. She has troubled me much, seeking permission to visit the prison. I have always refused her admission.

'Tis no place for a woman and I have, moreover, some very suspicious persons there.

LADY H. [*Coming forward.*] What is this I hear about the poor Gypsy maid? She is not in your bad books, is she? You know well that she is thought to be a little demented, is always searching for a brother lost in childhood; and you know that by common superstition these half-witted unfortunates are blessed with the quality of second sight, hence her popularity among the soldiers.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, 'tis true, dear Lady Hamilton, but it is thought by some that this half-wittedness be but a ruse and that by means of it she allays suspicion and thus comes by many secrets of warfare.

LORD F. [*Rising.*] Sir Arthur, I think these suspicions of the girl are wholly unfounded. She has, as I say, been often to the prison in search of her brother, and to me she seems what she appears to be,—a poor unfortunate with wits astray. It is our duty, thus it seems to me, to lend her our protection and see that she comes to no harm in these troublous times. But where are my women folk. [*DOROTHY comes running in, center back.*] Dorothy, rattle-pate, what's toward? Is it not time for scatter-brains like you to be abed? 'Tis near cockcrow now, is it not?

DOROTHY. No, no, father! We want to dance one more measure. The minuet it shall be. We will dance it here and you all shall join. Shall it not be so, Lady Hamilton? 'Tis a stately dance and finds favor in your sight, father, is it not so?

LORD F. 'Tis an improvement over some others that I have seen you dance, minx. Oh, well! have your way. I will not be a spoil sport.

DOROTHY. [*Dancing over to LADY H.*] Oh, Lady Hamilton! Father will stay for one more measure and let it be the minuet. May we not form on now? [*Running back, center.*] Jimmie! Jimmie Mercer! where are you? This is "Ladies' Choice"! Come and dance with me. [*She leads JIMMIE out and the others form on for the minuet. LORD CRANSTON has chosen LADY HAMILTON to whom he pays marked attention. They dance a few measures and then break up and all bid adieu to LADY HAMILTON.*]

LORD F. Good night, Lady Hamilton, this has been a pleasant interlude in these troublous times.

LADY F. Dear Lady Hamilton, I have truly enjoyed the evening. Pray return the visit at no distant day.

LORD C. [*Bending low to kiss her hand, in a low voice*] This evening ends all too soon for me.

[DOROTHY and DIANA wave and kiss hands to her as they all exit, back.]

LADY H. [*Coming center, front.*] More deception and lies! And when they talked of hanging this evening I could see the gibbet rising before my very eyes! [*Shuddering.*] Oh, what will be the outcome of it all? If I could be assured of George's safety, I should be tempted to give up the game forever. [*Pacing back and forth.*] Ah, far away now seem those happy days when I, a care-free girl, roamed our old English gardens by a loved brother's side! Now I am a suspected spy in an alien land, and he,—God alone knows where he is! Could I but find him, these scenes would know me no more. And Lord Cranston, his attentions can have but one meaning. Little knew he when he looked at the poor Gypsy girl this afternoon that he was gazing on the face of the woman he loved—and I—oh, he is an honorable gentleman, and, if he knew, he would despise me for my lying and deceit,—oh!—— [*Face in hands. Knocking is heard.*] Who can be coming at this hour of the night?

[*Enter LORD C., center back. LADY H. starts backward.*]

LADY H. My lord, what means this intrusion?

LORD C. [*Bowing.*] It is an intrusion, I will admit, Lady Hamilton. I almost had to bribe your servant to admit me; but as I have a matter of grave import to put before you, I risked your displeasure. Have I your permission to proceed? [LADY H. bows head in assent.] Lady Hamilton, you well know that the exigencies of war permit infringement of long established customs. Well I know that this is no fitting way for a gentleman to pay court to a lady, but I am encompassed with difficulties well-nigh insurmountable. Long have I sought an opportunity to tell you that I love you, that I—— Oh, have you not seen it? Tell me, pray, that you are not wholly indifferent to me!

[*Drops on one knee before her and takes hand.*]

LADY H. Why—my lord,—I—you surprise me.

LORD C. Oh, do not say that you have not known of my passion,

have not understood. My actions must have proclaimed my love from the housetops. You must love me! I shall not take "No" for an answer!

LADY H. [*Drawing away.*] Hold, hold for a moment, Lord Cranston. Rise, I pray you, and let us look at this matter in a reasonable light.

LORD C. [*Rising.*] Ah, Lady Hamilton, reason is a cold remedy to apply to a malady like mine.

LADY H. Wait a moment, Lord Cranston, before you commit yourself entirely. What do you know about me? Do you not understand that my past life before coming to the New World is a sealed book?

LORD C. Your past life, what care I for that? 'Tis the present, the future with you that I am looking forward to. Oh, Lady Hamilton, what care I for your past? Love such as mine will forgive any past. I care not what you have done. I give my heart irrevocably into your keeping. [*Bending to kiss her hand.*] I know that these are strange and troublous times. Mayhap the name you bear is not your own. It matters not. When you are Lady Cranston of Cranston Towers, in England, who will dare to point the finger of scorn at you?

LADY H. [*Much affected.*] Ah, Lord Cranston, those are the words of a man and a gentleman. Beware, however, that I do not take you at your word and in other and more dangerous circumstances than these hold you to your vow.

LORD C. [*Impetuously.*] I am more than ready to take the risk. Ah, put me to the test! [*Holding out arms to her.*]

LADY H. [*Aside.*] I am almost tempted to yield and tell him all. [*Aloud.*] Oh, Lord Cranston, I—know not what to say, I——

[*LORD C. bends toward her and is about to take her in his arms when a loud knocking is heard outside and servant enters hurriedly.*]

SERVANT. Lord Cranston is wanted below by a company of soldiers with a prisoner.

LORD C. A prisoner!

LADY H. [*In a fright.*] A prisoner!

SERVANT. Yes, a wounded prisoner, said to be a spy.

LORD C. A spy! [*He follows the servant out and LADY H. sinks half-fainting in a chair.*]

LADY H. [*Starting up wildly, both hands to head.*] Oh, will this night of horror ever end? What can it mean? If this is George, why are they bringing him here? Do they suspect anything?

LORD C. [*Re-entering, R.*] Dear Lady Hamilton, I am going to infringe upon your hospitality long enough to have the prisoner brought in and ask refreshment for the guards. I find it is a man that was captured by my soldiers this afternoon, a suspected spy [*LADY H. starts, but quickly recovers*] whom I sent under guard to the city. They were waylaid by a party of rebels and badly cut up, only escaping with their lives. On reaching the city at this late hour, and knowing your sympathy with our cause, and that you have often succored wounded soldiers, they came here. Finding that I was here, they called me out. May I ask this small service at your hands?

LADY H. Yes, truly, everything shall be done for them. The house, the servants, all are at your disposal. Give what orders you will.

LORD C. [*Bowing.*] Thank you. [*Retires, but re-enters immediately with GEORGE, much dishevelled and head still bandaged.*]

LADY H. [*Gasping, aside.*] George! I knew it!

LORD C. Here is the prisoner, Lady Hamilton, I have taken the liberty of bringing him in here and placing him in your care, as I have matters of grave import to discuss with my men. They say that they fear something unusual is about to happen. They met with much disturbance in their march here. Guard the prisoner well. It may be of much importance to us. Every evidence points to his being the spy who sent the information to Washington to-day, enabling him to withdraw, but leaving his camp fires burning to deceive our troops. He was found wounded within our lines. How he sent the information no one knows, but suspicion is laid upon the Gypsy maid who was seen in our camp just before he was found. At any rate suspicion is so strong that he will probably be shot or hanged as a spy to-morrow morning. [*LADY H. represses a scream.*] As I said, I will leave him in your care; but I will place him at this table in front of the window in full sight of the sentry outside, who has orders to fire at the least suspicious move on his part.

[*Places prisoner and exit, R.*]



LADY H. [*Going to GEORGE.*] Oh, my God! what miserable pass have we come to, George! Shot as a spy! But say not one word, make not one move, remember the sentry! I'll save you yet!

[*Rings bell and servant enters, R.*]

LADY H. Jonas, I know I can depend on you. Now, make not one motion of surprise at anything I say to you. We are watched from the window. What are the soldiers doing?

SERVANT. Eating like swine, your Ladyship.

LADY H. 'Tis well. Now go you, fill up plates and glasses, then by any means, fair or foul, get the sentry out of range of the window if but for a few moments. Tempt him with drink, gold, anything! When he is out of sight, give one knock on this door. Go!

SERVANT. The thing is as good as done, your Ladyship. Rum hath a fine smell to the nose of these Hessian hirelings. [*Exit, R., and LADY H. paces up and down front, stopping to listen at door, R. Knock is heard. She blows out candles. Lights are lowered so that stage is in semi-darkness.* LADY H. rushes to closet and takes out Gypsy's cape, hood, and wig of dark hair. The one shoe falls to floor unnoticed near front of stage.]

LADY H. [*Going to GEORGE.*] Here, George, take these and put them on and give me your coat and the bandage from your head. I'll take your place. They'll never hang a woman as a spy and the disguise of the Gypsy can be used once more. The common soldiers respect her too much to molest you. Quick, quick. [*While talking she has divested GEORGE of his coat and put it on, wrapping her head in the bandage. GEORGE puts on Gypsy's disguise.*]

GEORGE. But how can I leave you here to take my punishment,  
I——

LADY H. Say not one word! I tell you I am safe! [*Aside.*] If worst comes to worst I can remind Lord Cranston of his vow! [*Aloud, and pulling GEORGE to door, L.*] Here, do you see that staircase? It leads to a door at the back of the house, little used and shielded by shrubbery. Go, hide, escape,—the disguise will hide you for a time at least. Go, quickly, I can do no more! [*Exit GEORGE, L.* LADY H. seats herself at table in GEORGE's place, head bowed and dress hidden by long table cover.] Ah, dear Heaven, grant they do not come soon! Every moment is just so much gained for him! [*Enter LORD C., center back.*]



LORD C. [*Coming front.*] What, darkness here! Where is Lady Hamilton? And the prisoner. [*Looking toward table. Faint light shines through window.*] Ah, he is safe at least, but I cannot understand the candles being out and Lady Hamilton's absence. I must look into this! [*Going, R., and calling.*] Ho!—Attention, here!

SERVANT. [*Entering, R.*] Did you call, sir?

LORD C. I did. Bring lighted candles here immediately. I like not the look of this. Where is your mistress?

SERVANT. Why, sir, she was here but a moment gone. I'll bring candles, sir, the wind, mayhap, has blown these out? [*Exit, R.*]

LORD C. [*Contemptuously.*] There is no wind! [*Is stumbling around and falls over shoe. Picks it up as candles are brought in and lights turned on. Exit servant, R.*] What is this? [*Holding it up to the light and coming front.*] A red satin shoe!

LADY H. [*Aside.*] Oh, I am lost, I am lost!

LORD C. [*Who has been examining shoe closely.*] And as I live a mate to the one I found on the battle field to-day! How came it here? The shoe of Bess the Gypsy maid in Lady Hamilton's drawing room, and she deserting her post! By the Lord Harry there's treachery somewhere! This will bear investigation! [*Starts toward back of stage when shots and sounds of confusion are heard outside. Soldiers rush in, R.*]

SOLDIER. Is all safe here, my lord?

LORD C. [*Excited.*] Yes, yes,—but what's toward? Are we attacked?

SOLDIER. No, no, my lord, but the cry arose that the prisoner had escaped and a few shots were fired before it was seen that it was only Gypsy Bess in her night wanderings.

LORD C. [*Aside.*] The Gypsy again! And here! This grows interesting! [*Aloud.*] Back to your posts and guard well the house. I like not night prowlers whether they be in the guise of gypsies or no. [*Exit soldiers, R.*] The mystery thickens! The Gypsy in the neighborhood and the finding of this shoe! [*Again looking at it and shaking head.*] And Lady Hamilton's absence, I like it not. [*Looking at prisoner.*] Perhaps the prisoner can solve the mystery.

I'll make him speak. [*Going to table, takes prisoner by shoulder and turns him around.*] What is the meaning of this, sir? [*Sees face and recognizes LADY HAMILTON and staggers backward.*] You!—You!

LADY H. [*Rising and taking bandage from head.*] Yes, Lord Cranston, I——

LORD C. [*Gasping.*] Treachery! And from you! and my prisoner, where is he? You shall tell me!

LADY H. [*Sweetly.*] Why, Lord Cranston, how can I tell? Gypsy Bess has many secret haunts, and——

LORD C. [*Overcome.*] It was he, then, in the disguise of the Gypsy that my men saw? And you,—this shoe,—and its mate that I found on the field to-day, do you mean to say——

LADY H. Yes, Lord Cranston, they are mine.

LORD C. [*Stupified.*] Yours!—And you are——

LADY H. Bess Barton, the Gypsy. [*Laughing.*] Did not the disguise become me?

LORD C. [*Shouting.*] By the Lord Harry! No it cannot be! Traitress! Spy! Do you know what punishment is meted out to such?

LADY H. I know it well, but remember your vow, Lord Cranston, not to question my past. Traitress, spy though I be, remember that you are looking upon the face of the woman you love. [*Sadly.*] I told you you were too precipitate in your wooing.

LORD C. [*Striding up and down.*] So it is you that have been spying upon us! You who were in my camp to-day! You and this miserable wretch that you have aided to escape to-night! [*Savagely.*] Tell me what he is to you! [*Seizing her wrist.*]

LADY H. Slowly, slowly, Lord Cranston, lest you say words that can never be forgotten between us. Listen! [*Raising hand.*] Among rough camps, as I have wandered in my search for my lost brother, not once has the breath of shame touched me. The poor Gypsy has been as safe among these rude soldiers as ever was Lady Hamilton in her luxurious home. And now, Lord Cranston, I recall to you your vow. I am the same woman to whom you paid your court and not one whit less worthy now than then. That I have aided the cause of Liberty, in ways devious though they may be,

is no crime, and it lies with you to deliver me up to the ignominious death of a captured spy or to—— [Smiling at him.]

LORD C. [In great emotion.] In God's name, was ever a man and a soldier in harder case than this! [Looking at her.] To deliver that lovely being to a spy's shameful death! God forbid! To perdition with the king and his cause! Spy, traitress, that you are, I love you! You *shall* be mine!

[Clasps her in his arms as curtain descends.]

#### END OF ACT III

#### ACT IV

*Garden of LORD FALLOWFIELD's house, same as Act I, early next morning. Light dim. Breakfast table and seat in foreground. GEORGE in disguise of Gypsy asleep on bench in background. Enter CALEB from house much bent and with many groans.*

CALEB. Oh, Lawd a-massy! Dat rheumatiz is a great cross to be suah! Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd! [Seats himself on bench, front.] Dese is suah hahd times! Two yeahs it am sence young mastah jined de rebels and we ain't heahd nothin' fum him in all dat time! [Shaking his head.] De house is a mighty solemn place. Ole missus, she don' nevah smile, ole Mastah is dat quiet, he don' cuss an' sweah at me no moah, an' Miss Diana is dat pale an' sad! Ef t'want foh Miss Dorothy it would be lak' a grave yahd! But dis won' do mah wuk. We has ter git de meals jes' de same ef nobody don' eat much. [Gets up and goes to lay the table, groaning the while. Enter SUSAN from house, L.]

SUSAN. Heah, wah be yo, Caleb Green, yo good foh nothin' niggah! [Light has been gradually growing brighter and is now thrown on full strength and SUSAN discovers GEORGE.] Gord a-massy! [In a whisper.] Heah am dat Gypsy gal again to be suah!

[CALEB looks and then goes closer. Comes back, shaking head.]

CALEB. Well, Susan, I nevah saw Gypsy gals wahin' sojer boots befoah, did yo?

SUSAN. [*Goes and looks.*] Boots! Suah enuff! But come heah! Caleb, what's de mattah wid dis pusson, who evah it am. Look heah, dere head is hu't, do yo see?

[*Both are looking when GEORGE stirs and takes arm away from face, and they recognize him.*]

CALEB. Foh de Lawd's sake, Susan, it am young Mastah Gawge, suah as yo bawn!

SUSAN. It am! Gord, what he father gon' foh to say now!

CALEB. Well, Susan, I tink de ole mastah gon' be right glad to have him back agin.

SUSAN. [*Contemptuously.*] I like ter know what diffunce it makes what a no-account niggah like you tinks anyway! But he is suah wakin' up!

GEORGE. [*Dazed and trying to sit up.*] Where, where—am I——

SUSAN. My poor lamb, yo's home. Don' yo know dat?

GEORGE. Oh—but where are the soldiers, where,—oh, I must get away from here! [*Trying to get up.*] They're after me! I only wanted to rest a minute. I must have fainted or something. But what shall I do now? Where can I turn? Foes on every side, even in my own home!

SUSAN. [*Kneeling before GEORGE and soothing him.*] Hush, hush, Mastah Gawge. Ole Susan gon' foh to take ca'h ob yo. Come, honey, come! Yo own room is waiting, ready foh yo. Come——

GEORGE. [*In despair.*] I can't—I don't know—where to go. I——

[*Enter DIANA, L.*]

DIANA. I thought I heard George's voice. [*Discovering him.*] Oh, you are here!—and wounded. Oh!—— [*Running to him.*]

GEORGE. Yes, here I am, a coward and a poltroon! Last night I escaped in this woman's garb, and now to bring disgrace to my father's house!

DIANA. Don't, don't talk like that! How came you here?

GEORGE. Oh, I don't know. I was wounded and trying to escape from my pursuers and instinct perhaps led me here. I fell on the bench and fainted, perhaps, or slept—I know not which; but here I am, doomed to be hung as a spy if taken,——

[*DIANA cries out just as LORD FALLOWFIELD enters, L.*]

LORD F. Who talks of a spy here in my grounds? [*Starting.*] George! As I live! What brings you here, Traitor?

DIANA. Oh, not that word, no!

GEORGE. No, father, no! No traitor am I, only unfortunate. I never intended to bring this disgrace upon you. Unwittingly, as I say, in trying to escape from my pursuers I stumbled in here. I'll go, go at once. [*Tearing off disguise.*] But in my proper person and not in the disguise of a woman! Yes, I'll relieve you of the necessity of giving me up. [*Starts, R., as LADY FALLOWFIELD and DOROTHY enter, L.*]

LADY F. [*Rushing to GEORGE.*] Oh, George, my son! my son! you here, and wounded!

GEORGE. Yes, mother, it is in truth a sorry home coming. To you all I know my explanations must seem weak, but here I am, father, deliver the traitor up to justice to be hanged as a spy—— [*Cries from the women and LADY F. throws her arms around GEORGE. LORD F. stands with bowed head. LADY HAMILTON enters back.*]

LADY H. [*In surprise to GEORGE.*] George, George, I thought you far afield ere this. [*All astonished.*]

GEORGE. 'Tis but by accident that I am here. An untoward one at best.

LADY H. Good people all, let me be the spokesman here and explain this mystery. My place is here. [*Going to GEORGE.*] If you, Lord Fallowfield, must deliver him up to justice I go with him as Bess the Gypsy maid, a suspected spy.

ALL. You! You! why——

LADY H. Yes, I know you will be shocked, but I have long played a double game. Now the performance is over and the curtain goes down. The story is too long to weary you with in all its details; suffice it to say that a younger brother of a noble house in England was wrongly suspected of crime. He could not clear his name so, dropping it, he came to this country and cast his lot with the Colonists. His name was vindicated soon after he left, but all trace of him was lost, so I, his sister, came seeking him. In the disguise of the Gypsy, Bess Barton, I have searched every camp and every prison save yours, Lord Fallowfield. I, too, convinced of the justice of the Colonist's cause, have aided them in every way I knew, the disguise of the Gypsy being a great help in the work. Last night you attended a ball in the home of Lady Hamilton little dreaming you were being entertained by Gypsy Bess, a suspected spy. After you were gone George was brought there, and I helped

him to escape, unsuccessfully, I fear, owing to the severity of his wound which must have confused his mind or he would never have wandered here. And now, Lord Fallowfield, it remains for you to deliver us up to justice unless you can do for the love of an only son as much as he and I have done to aid a struggling cause.

LORD F. [*In great emotion.*] Ah, but you put a hard task before me! I have a father's heart within my breast, but loyalty to my king,——

LADY H. [*coming to him.*] Oh, Lord Fallowfield, for his mother's sake, for his sweetheart's sake, I implore you! 'Tis a mistaken loyalty and allegiance that you owe to the king. His is an unjust cause,—but if you must, deliver *me* up and save your only son. My life has not been all sunshine. Before I go I have but one request to make, and that is to visit the prison in order to see if he whom I seek is there, to tell him that he is free from the stain of crime——

GEORGE. [*Stepping forth.*] No, no! truly a coward would I be to allow such a sacrifice! If she goes I go. [LADY F. and DIANA cry out.]

LORD F. [*In great agitation.*] God of Truth and Justice, teach me what to do! Ay, truly the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak! [*Bows head. Noise is heard and JIMMIE MERCER comes in gaily, dapper as ever.*]

JIMMIE. Hey day, good people, all. Have ye heard the news? We must all turn rebels. A large French fleet under Captain D'Estaing has anchored off our shores. 'Tis here to aid the Colonists, so they say. At all events, General Howe evacuated the city in the night, and the rebel troops are marching in.

LORD F. What! what is this you say? Howe gone! [*All agitated.*]

JIMMIE. Yes, and Washington coming in. Blue coats now, remember, red has gone out of style. But why these sad faces? George how came you here? I thought you had joined the rebels. You have nothing to fear now at any rate. Scarce a red coat is to be seen within the city limits.

LORD F. Well, my son, I cannot say what this portends, but it seems to me that it only antedates by a short time the complete victory of the Colonists, and, if truth be spoken, justice is on their side. At least, George, my boy, I am no longer under the painful



necessity of delivering you up to your pursuers. To you, Lady Hamilton, I will give the permission so long sought, and I doubt me not if your brother is confined in my gaol a way may be found to set him at liberty.

[Enter LORD CRANSTON, center back, hurriedly.]

LORD C. Lord and Lady Fallowfield, pardon this early call, I pray you. I see that you have heard the news and will perceive that I must soon be on the march with my regiment, which is even now ready to leave. Is not Lady Hamilton here? It is she whom I seek.

LADY H. Yes, I am here, Lord Cranston.

LORD C. [Going to her, kissing her hand impressively, and speaking in a low voice.] I could not go without seeing you once more. [Perceives GEORGE.] Ha! Unless I am much mistaken that is my prisoner of last evening, is it not? [Looking at LADY H.]

LADY H. [Laughing.] It is, sir, and now what are you going to do?

LORD C. [Nonplussed.] I—well—you know it is my duty to take him—with me—but——

LADY F. [Agitated.] Oh, sir,—do you not see, it is our son.

LORD C. Your son.

DIANA. Oh, yes, [imploringly] and my——

LORD C. [As though a light was breaking.] Oh! I see. You, Mistress Diana, have a special interest in the lad, and you, Lord Fallowfield——

LORD F. Yes, he is my son who joined the rebels two years ago and by a strange happening was restored to me this day and I—Lord Cranston, I know that duty,—allegiance,——

LORD C. [After a thoughtful pause.] Ah, I see it all now. [Looking at LADY HAMILTON.] This is the Rebel spy whom you have been aiding, whom you helped to escape last night——

LADY H. Yes, and he unwittingly wandered here to his father's house. If he is to be delivered up as a spy I go with him, and now again I say, Lord Cranston, what are you going to do about it?

[Smiling.]

LORD C. [Going to her impulsively.] Ah, my dear, you know well what my answer must be. [All are astonished.] Lord Fallowfield, were this known I suppose it would cost both of us our



commissions, but [*extending hand to LORD F.*] I would not deliver him up if I could, causing sorrow to all these loving hearts, and anyway, as you know, the city is in the hands of the rebels now, and it behooves us to look out for our own safety. As for delivering up this fair prisoner [*taking LADY HAMILTON's hand*], a far different fate is reserved for her. [*To LADY HAMILTON.*] May I tell them? [*She bows her head in assent.*] My friends, all of you, I want you to rejoice with me in my good fortune before I leave. Let me introduce to you the future mistress of Cranston Towers, England.

[*All express astonishment, and DOROTHY runs to LADY H.*]

DOROTHY. Oh, dear Lady Hamilton, I am so glad! Is it not nice to have a real lover and such a brave man, too!

[*Looks defiantly at JIMMIE.*]

JIMMIE. [*Coming to DOROTHY.*] Mistress Dorothy, you have taunted me with cowardice for the last time. It is my turn now. Good People all, I have something to say, too. Let me introduce you to the future Mistress James Mercer, mistress of—[*stops in confusion*] what shall I say, Dorothy?

ALL. [*Laughing.*] Hear! hear!——

DOROTHY. [*In vexation.*] Oh, Jimmie! Before all these people!

JIMMIE. [*Mimicking her.*] Yes, "before all these people." That's what gave me the courage. And [*in great glee, and trying to put his arm around her*] now we are betrothed at last, and you have got to stop teasing me, understand that, you minx!

[*She draws away, making a laughing face at him. The others have grouped themselves around back of the table, facing audience.*]

LORD and LADY FALLOWFIELD, center, GEORGE and DIANA, R. of them, and blacks extreme, R., DOROTHY and JIMMIE extreme L. and LORD CRANSTON and LADY HAMILTON next to them.]

LORD F. And now, my children, since these various affairs of the heart seem to be satisfactorily settled, ere we breakfast and begin the duties of a new day, let us thank the Giver of all mercies [*raising hand*] for the wanderer's return and the prospect of a happy and successful future for the New America.

[*All bow heads as curtain descends.*]

THE END





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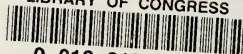
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